

THE KROVER COURIER.

"TO THINK OWN SELF BE TRUE, AND IT MUST FOLLOW, AS THE NIGHT THE DAY, THOU CANST NOT THEN BE FALSE TO ANY MAN."

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TERMS.

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POETRY.

TO MY SWEET FRIEND.

Winged to the crow-ded halls of mirth
I turn, from lonely thoughts to fly,
And find the change of little worth
Amid the throng alone on earth.
For very sadness I could die!
But when thy pleasant face I see,
Whose looks of love to mine reply,
The world appears my own to be,
(Nor thou art all the world to me!)
And I for very joy could die!
When youthful dreams forever fled,
From memory claim the bitter sigh,
When long lost friends like spectres tread,
The cold, the faithless, and the dead,
I feel so wretched I could die.
But when those eyes in which I trace
The beauty of the starlit sky
Look up so sweetly in my face,
All fondness and confiding grace,
I feel so happy I could die!

From the Westminister Review.

The Frozen Ship.

At this period when so much anxiety prevails respecting the fate of Sir John Franklin, every thing relating to the Polar regions is of interest. The following sketch is one of the most thrilling we have ever heard of. One serene evening in the middle of August, 1775, Capt. Warrens, the master of the Greenland, whaleship, found himself becalmed among an immense number of icebergs, in about 77 degrees of north latitude. On one side, and within a mile of his vessel, these were closely wedged together, and a succession of snow-colored peaks appeared behind each other as far as the eye could reach, showing that the ocean was completely blocked up in that quarter, and that it had probably been so for a long period of time. Capt. Warrens did not feel altogether satisfied with his situation; but there being no wind he could not move one way or the other, and he therefore kept a strict watch, knowing that he would be safe as long as the icebergs continued in their respective places.

About midnight the wind rose to a gale, accompanied by thick showers of snow, while a succession of tremendous thundering, grinding, and crashing noises, gave fearful evidence that the ice was in motion. The vessel received violent shocks every moment; for the haziness of the atmosphere prevented those on board from discovering in what direction the open water lay, or if there actually was any at all on either side of them. The night was spent in tacking as often as any cause of danger happened to present itself, and in the morning the storm abated, and Capt. Warrens found to his great joy that his ship had not sustained any serious injury. He remarked with surprise, that the accumulated icebergs, which had on the preceding evening formed an impenetrable barrier, had been separated and disarranged by the wind and in one place a canal of open sea wound its course among them as far as the eye could discern.

It was two miles beyond the entrance of this canal that a ship made its appearance about noon. The sun shone brightly at the time, and a gentle breeze blew from the North. At first some intervening icebergs prevented Capt. Warrens from distinctly seeing any thing but her masts; but he was struck with the strange manner in which her sails were disposed, and with the dismounted appearance of her yards and rigging. She continued to go before the wind for a few furlongs, and then, grounding upon the low icebergs, remained motionless.

Capt. Warrens' curiosity was so much excited, that he immediately leaped into his boat with several hands, and rowed towards her. On approaching, he observed that her

hull was miserably weather-beaten, and not a soul appeared on the deck, which was covered with snow to a considerable depth. He hailed her crew several times, but no answer was returned. Previous to stepping on board, an open port-hole near the main chains caught his eye, and on looking into it, he perceived a man reclining back on a chair, with writing materials on a table before him, but the feebleness of the light made every thing indistinct. The party went upon deck, and having removed the hatchway, which they found closed, they descended to the cabin. They first came to the apartment which Capt. Warrens viewed through the port-hole. A tremor seized him as he entered it. Its inmate retained his former position, and seemed to be insensible to strangers. He was found to be a corpse, and a green damp mould had covered his cheeks and forehead, and veiled his open eyeballs. He had a pen in his hand, and a log book before him, the last sentence in whose unfinished page ran thus: "Nov. 14, 1762. We have now been enclosed in the ice seventy days. The fire went out yesterday, and our master has been trying ever since to kindle it again without success. His wife died this morning. There is no relief."

Capt. Warrens and his seamen hurried from the spot without uttering a word. On entering the principal cabin, the first object that attracted their attention was the dead body of a female reclining on a bed in an attitude of deep interest and attention. Her countenance retained the freshness of life, and a contraction of the limbs showed that her form was inanimate. Seated on the floor was the corpse of an apparently young man, holding a steel in one hand, and a flint in the other, as if in the act of striking fire upon some tinder which lay beside him. In the fore part of the vessel several sailors were found lying dead in their berths, and the body of a boy was crouched at the bottom of the gangway stairs. Neither provision nor fuel could be discovered anywhere, but Capt. Warrens was prevented by the superstitious prejudices of his seamen, from examining the vessel as minutely as wished to have done. He therefore carried away the log-book, already mentioned, and returned to his own ship, and immediately steered to the southward, deeply impressed with the awful example, which he had just witnessed, of the dangers of navigating the Polar seas in high northern latitudes.

On returning to England he made various inquiries respecting vessels that had disappeared in an unknown way, and by comparing the results of those with information which was afforded by the written document in his possession, he ascertained the name and history of the imprisoned ship and her unfortunate master, and found that she had been frozen thirteen years previous to the time of his discovering her among the ice.

NEARNESS OF ETERNITY.—The following impressive thoughts are found at the close of one of Dr. Spring's sermons:

"I shall never again meet them but at the bar of God. That interview seems indeed far distant. But it will be as soon as time, with his eagle wings, shall have finished the little remnant of his short career. 'After death, the judgment.' We die, but intervening ages pass rapidly over those who sleep in the dust. There is no dial-plate there on which to count the hours of time. No longer is it told by days, or months, or years; for the planet, which marks the periods are hidden from their sight. Its flight is no longer noted by events perceived by the senses; for the ear is deaf and the eye is closed. The busy world of life which wakes at each morning and ceases at night goes on above them, but to them all is silent and unseen. The greeting of joy and the voice of grief, the revolutions of empires and the ages send no sound within that narrow cell. Generations are born and laid by their sides; the inscription upon their monumental marble tells the centuries that have passed away, but to the sleeping dead the long interval is unobserved. Like a dream of the night, when with the quickness of thought the mind ranges time and space almost without a limit, there is but a moment between the hour when the eye is closed in the grave and when it wakes to the judgment."

Ear-rings are still very fashionable. Those of a black form are the most in vogue.

The New Year's Night.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

An old man stood in the New Year's midnight by a window, and gazed with a look of deep despair upon the unshaken, ever-blooming Heavens, and down upon the still pure, white earth, whereon now was no one so joyless and sleepless as he. His grave stood close by him concealed only by the snows of age, and not by the green of youth; and he brought with him from the whole of a long life nothing but error, sin and disease, a worn out body, a desolate soul, a breast full of poison, and an old age full of sorrow.

The bright days of his youth returned like spectres, and carried him back to that fair morning when his father first placed him upon the cross way of life, where the right leads through the sunny path of virtue into a wide and peaceful land, full of light and angel forms; but the left conducts down through the mole-path of vice into a dreary abyss, full of dripping venom, full of darting snakes and of dismal, suffocating damps. Alas! the serpents were hanging upon his breast, and the poison drops were on his tongue, and he knew now where he was.

Senseless with unutterable grief, he cried aloud to Heaven:—"Give me my youth again! Place me once more, O father, upon the crossway of life that I may make a better choice!"

But his father and his youth were far away. He saw wandering fires dance along the marsh, and lose themselves in the grave yard, and he said:—"There are my wasted days." He saw a star shoot from Heaven, and sparkling as it fell, vanish upon the earth. "Such an I," said his bleeding heart, and the serpent teeth of remorse dug deeper in their wound.

His glowing fancy showed to him spectres stealing along the roofs; a windmill raised its arms threatening to crush him, and a deserted mask in the empty charnel house gradually assumed his own features.

Suddenly, in the midst of this conflict, the music of the New Year floated down from the church tower like a far off anthem. His soul became more calm. He looked around the horizon and over the broad earth, and he thought of the friends of his youth, who now, better and more blest than he, were teachers in the Earth, were happy men and the fathers of happy children, and he said:—"O, I might also, like you, had I chosen, have slumbered on this New Year's night with tearless eyes. Alas! I might have been happy, ye blessed parents, had I but followed your counsels and your New Year's wishes."

Amid these feverish recollections of his youth, the mask with its features in the charnel house, seemed to rise up before him, until by means of that superstition which on New Year's night sees apparitions and future events it became at length a living youth.

He could look no longer. He covered his eyes, and a thousand scalding tears streamed down, vanishing in the snow. Distracted and comfortless he could only moan forth in a low voice, "Come back my youth, O come back!"

And it came back, for he had only been dreaming so fearfully, that New Year's night. He was still a young man, only his errands were no dream. But he thanked God that he, still young, could retrace his steps in the filthy track of vice, and restore himself to that sunny path which leads into the pure land of harvest.

Return with him, young reader, if you art like him in the paths of error. This fearful dream will one day be thy judge, and when in the depths of anguish thou shalt cry, "Come back bright youth," it will not then come back.

Bite of a Rattlesnake.

In the year 1750, a slave in South Carolina discovered a remedy for the bite of the rattlesnake, for which the Legislature of the State obtained his freedom and granted him one hundred pounds in money. His remedy was as follows:—"Take of roots of plantane or horseradish (and leaves in summer) a sufficient quantity, bruise them in a mortar and squeeze out the juice, of which give, as soon as possible one large spoonful if he is swelled, you must force it down his throat. This generally will cure him if the patient finds no relief in an hour after you may give another spoonful, which never has failed. If the roots are dead they must be moistened with a little water. To the wound may be applied a loaf of good tobacco, moistened with rum."

Blitz in an Omnibus.

A night or two since, Blitz, the renowned magician and ventriloquist, took a seat in an omnibus containing seven or eight passengers. The coach had only proceeded a couple of squares, when the driver heard some one exclaim—

"Hold up—hold up, I say!" The horses were stopped and John looked around smilingly for his passenger, but none appeared. With an immodest exclamation, he gathered up his reins and said "get up." Pretty soon some one cried out—

"Stop, driver, stop!" The driver again stopped, and looked down into the coach, and inquired what was wanting. The passengers eyed each other, as much as to say, "I didn't speak."

Again the coach rolled on, only to be stopped at the next corner by the heart-rending squeaking of a poor, run-over pig. Instantly each head was thrust out of the window, to behold the death struggles of the grunter, but no grunter was to be seen. In another minute some one exclaimed in a gruff voice—

"Keep off my toes!"

Every one looked around, but in vain, for the man with the damaged toes. The passengers were completely bewildered. At the next crossing the coach stopped to take in a lady. Hardly had she taken her seat, before she exclaimed—

"Let me be—keep your hands off me!"

The gentlemen seated next to her, said very innocently,

"I didn't touch you, I assure."

And the driver looked down, shouting—

"Look-a-here, in there; if you're gentlemen, I'd thank you not to take improper liberties with the lady passengers—it won't do!"

The lady made an observation, as the coach rolled on, but she was not understood. They had scarcely gone a square further, when the passengers were startled by the cries of an infant. Instantly all eyes were fixed upon a middle aged gentleman, who had a carpet bag on his lap. The man blushed, and stammered out a barely intelligible—

"What the deuce is all this about?"

"Let me out!" screamed a lady.

"Murder!" shouted a boy on the steps, while three or four tugged lustily on the strap.

"What is the matter in there?"

"Matter enough," replied the gentleman, "take my fare out of this quarter."

"Keep your hand out of my pocket," proceeded from some one.

"Did you address me, sir?" asked another.

"I didn't speak at all," gravely replied the man with the quarter.

"Because, sir, no one shall, with impunity, accuse—"

Again the baby was heard to cry.

"Shame!" said some one.

"Who would have believed it?" remarked another, while a third (Blitz of course) shook the omnibus with a horse laugh.

Thinking he had fun enough, the ventriloquist paid his fare and jumped out of the omnibus. Scarcely had he reached the sidewalk, however, before the driver heard the word "hold up!" from four quarters in as many seconds, but not a passenger could he discern. Filled with wonder, he hurried on his way. Blitz is a great fellow.

Tough Story.

"You are rather a crooked character, Mr. Jones."

"Rather, sir; but not quite so crooked as a tree I once knew. It was the tallest butternut I ever saw. Standing close to it one day in a thunder storm, I saw a squirrel on one of the topmost branches. The lightning struck the same branch about three feet above him; the squirrel started—the lightning had to follow the grain, and the squirrel went straight down. So confounded crooked was the tree, sir, that the squirrel, by the way, got to the bottom, precisely three minutes before the lightning."

"That's a lie," exclaimed the landlord.

"A lie, true, sir, as any story ever was. I afterwards cut the tree down, and made it into rails for a hog pasture. The hogs would crawl through twenty times a day, and so thundering crooked were them, rails that every time the hogs got out they found themselves in the pasture again!"

Messrs. Gilbert and Wright, the California members in the House of Representatives, voted with Messrs. Julian and Giddings, on the proposition of the first named gentleman, in regard to the Fugitive Slave bill, made the other day.

Muscular Strength.

The muscular power of the human body is indeed wonderful. A Turkish porter will trot a rapid pace, and carry a weight of six hundred pounds. Milo, a celebrated athletic Crotona, in Italy, accustomed himself to carry the greatest burthens, and at length became a monster in strength. It is said he carried on his shoulders an ox, 4 years old, weighing upwards of one thousand pounds, for about 40 yards, and afterwards killed it with one blow of his fist. He was seven times crowned at the Pithian games, and six at the Olympian.

He presented himself the seventh time, but not one had the courage to enter the list against him. He was one of the disciples of Pythagoras, and to his uncommon strength, the learned preceptor and his pupils owed their lives. The pillar which supported the roof of the school suddenly gave way, but Milo supported the whole weight of the building, and gave the philosopher time to escape. In his old age, Milo attempted to pull up a tree by its roots and break it. He partly effected it; but his strength being gradually exhausted, the tree when cleft reunited, and left his hand pinched in the body of it. He was alone, and being unable to disengage himself, died in that position.

Haller mentioned that he saw a man whose finger was caught in a chain at the bottom of a mine, by keeping it forcibly bent, supported by that means the weight of his whole body, one hundred and fifty pounds, until he was drawn up to the surface, a distance of six hundred feet.

Augustus XI, King of Poland, could roll up a silver plate like a sheet of paper, and twist the strongest horse shoe asunder.

A Frenchman attached to Rockwell & Stone's circus last spring, was able to resist the united efforts of four horses, as was witnessed by hundreds in New York and other places.

A lion is said to have left the impression of his teeth upon a piece of solid iron.

The most prodigious power of muscle is exhibited by fish. The whale moves with a velocity through the dense medium of water that would carry him, if continued at the same rate, round the world in little less than a fortnight; and a swordfish has been known to strike his weapon quite through the oak plank of a ship. [Western Lit. Mess.]

GREAT NAMES.—There is magic in a name, notwithstanding what the poet says about the rose. The editor of the Richmond Examiner enforces the truth of this remark in the following paragraph:

"There is no magic like that of a name. It throws an illusion over a pebble or an old bone, and it is worshipped as a holy relic. By its influence an ugly piece of rusty iron, which has served a Roman legionary for a spear head, is valued by its possessor at much more than its weight in gold. A letter from Lord Burleigh to his steward, directing beans to be mixed with the oats on which his horses were fed, is thought worthy of careful editing, and is as carefully perused by thousands of educated people, people who would throw aside with contemptuous indifference an eloquent review or able leading article of their own times which has no great name to endorse it. The most common speeches and the flattest, boldest, most nauseating attempts at witicism by an individual who has managed to acquire some celebrity, are eagerly seized on as the richest gems and jewels of thought and genius. Thus, when Mr. Clay remarked to the editor of the Herald, on entering his press room, 'this is the place where you forge your thunderbolts,' the said brilliant speech was thought worthy of ecstatic publication over the entire continent. If he had said, 'Sir, this is a very cold day, it would have been deemed equally worthy of repetition. By far the greater number of the productions most admired in our times depend for celebrity entirely upon the names attached to them. Everything that a great man does is believed to be great.'"

Macaulay, at the close of a long evening which he had occupied with a continuous stream of discourse, interrupted only by an occasional remark wedged in by a pertinacious barrister, was congratulated by Sydney Smith upon his extraordinary elocutionary powers, and particularly for several very brilliant flashes of silence!

The salary of Victoria's chief cook is \$700 a year.

Man a Student.

I say every man is to be a student, a thinker.—This does not mean he is to shut himself within four walls, and bend body and mind over books. Men thought before books were written, and some of the greatest thinkers never entered what we call a study. Nature, Scripture, society present perpetual subject for thought; and the man who collects, concentrates, employs his faculties on any of these for the purpose of getting the truth, is so far a student, and thinker, a philosopher, and is rising to the dignity of man. It is time that we should cease to limit to professed scholars the titles of thinkers, philosophers. Whoever seeks the truth with an earnest mind, no matter when or how belongs to the schools of intellectual men.

In a loose sense of the word, men may be said to think; that is, a succession of ideas, notions pass through their minds from morning to night; but in as far as this succession is passive, undirected, or governed only by accident and outward impulse, it has little more claim to dignity than the experience of the brute, who receives with like passiveness sensations from abroad through his waking hours. Such thought, if thought it may be called, having no aim, is as useless as the vision of any eye which rests on nothing, which flies without pause over earth and sky, and of consequence receives no distinct image. Thought, in its true sense is an energy of intellect. In thought the mind not only receives impressions or suggestions from within, put reacts upon them, collects its attention, concentrates its forces upon them, breaks them up and analyzes like a living laboratory, and then combines them anew, traces their connection; and thus impresses itself on all the subjects which engage it.

The universe in which we live was plainly meant by God to stir up such thought as has now been directed.—Dr. Channing.

Influence of a Smile.

It is related in the life of the celebrated mathematician, William Hutton, that a respectable country woman called on him one Jay, anxious to speak to him. She told him, with an air of serenity, that her husband behaved unkindly to her, and sought other company, frequently passing the evening from home, which made her feel extremely unhappy, and knowing Mr. Hutton to be a wise man she thought he might be able to tell her how she could manage to cure her husband. The case was a common one, and he thought he prescribed for it without losing his reputation as a conjurer.

The remedy is a simple one said he and I have never known it to fail. Always treat your husband with a smile. The women expressed her thanks, dropped a courtesy and went away. A few months afterwards she waited on Mr. Hutton with a couple of fine fowls, which she begged him to accept. She told him, while a tear of joy and gratitude glistened in the eye, that she had followed his advice, and her husband was cured. He no longer sought the company of others, but treated her with constant love and kindness.

The King of Denmark and his Wives.—A letter from Hamburg, dated the 5th instant, contains the following: "The latest news from Copenhagen is of the 1st instant. According to a rumor circulating in the capital at that date, and in which there is reason for believing, the king had resolved to separate from Madame Rasmussen; the mistress whom he recently married and ennobled. The motives which may have led to this resolution are but vaguely understood. Should it be realized, Madame Rasmussen will make third legitimate wife from whom the king will have separated in a few years. The first was the daughter of the late king, his uncle, Frederick VI; the second a Mecklenburg princess; the third, as every one knows, was one of the ballet corps at the Copenhagen opera. As the price of this matrimonial rupture, the countess Rasmussen is to receive an annuity of 12,000 dollars, besides appanages."

"Alabama" signifies in the Indian language, "Here we rest!" A story is told of a tribe of Indians who fled from a relentless foe to the trackless forests of the southwest. Worn and travel-worn, they reached a noble river, which flowed through a beautiful country. The chieftain of the band struck his tent-pole in the ground and exclaimed, "Alabama! Alabama!" ("Here we rest! Here we rest!")